fleroe sun and paths with leaves are Mre-wed.

And bird-sought trooks in shady stillness flow— I need not chun the turnoil, since I know That Lave will make for me sweet solitade. And if I into exile must be sent, Let me not grieve, the Fate's command I kiss, and take my way without a fear, If in the desort I must pitch my tent, Love hath within itself all fellowships. Is friends and home and rest and plenteous cheer. Atlantic Monthly

BILL NYE.

His Ability as a Will Maker Displayed in a Remarkable Document.

Mr. Bill Nye is responsible for the following fond, paternal epistle. It will be noted that he sets a shining example to other men of means by submitting in an advance an outline of his proposed will for the consideration

Hupson, Wis., Jan. 30. My DEAR HENRY-This is a dictated letter. The thoughts are mine but the penmanship is that of a man named Beasley, who is doing the chores for us this winter. My reason for biring a private secretary is that last Tuesday the strawberry blonde Shote slumped through a bole in the ice, and in striving to rescue him from a watery grave I fell and broke one of my legs, just above the fetlock.



Kind friends came from everywhere to ask me if it burt much, and in a thousand different ways showed their gentle desire to draw me into a spirited conversation. A doctor came down from the Insenitarium to set the leg, and tied his horse to a little sugar maple tree that I set out last spring. When he puts in his bill for medical attendance he will be surprised to find an offset of eighty cents for that tree. I may be slightly crippled, but you can announce in your valuable paper that there are no flies on me to speak of.

While spread out here with nothing to do my mind has been quite active, and I have bad drawn off for me the following outline of a will, which I send you inclosed herewith. "Please read and return," as it says on the Bible rack on board the cars:

Know all men by these presents, that I, the subscriber, being of sound mind and realizing that I am now under the doctor's care, and therefore may be swept into eternity any moment, do hereby make, execute and publish this my last will and testament firmly by

First-I hereby appoint my beloved wife Henriette to be my sole executrix, assignee and receiver of my entire estate, with full powers to pay taxes on said estate forever, and to have and to hold the same so long as grass grows and water runs, together with such other and further relief as the court may

adjudge. Second-I hereby request that the red herse Napoieon be sold and the proceeds thereof used toward defraying my funeral expenses, provided that the sum of \$25 therefrom be set aside for the purpose of maintaining a be to monkey o'er my lowly grave until my



dust shall be of no use to science. It is my desire that my executrix shall so maintain said bulldog bereinbefore set forth in order that pimply young medical students may not make too free with all that is mortal of a superior man. It is my special desire that no part of my anatomy shall contribute in any way to science or to the amusement of a class of sore eyed goslins, who cannot get near enough to a live man to operate on him.

I desire to state also that I hope whatever may be odd or eccentric or abnormal about my formation may be generously allowed to pull oblivion over itself and fode away. I do not wish to be perpetuated in the form of a fatty tumor or ossesous formation. Let my post mortem in my case be omitted and the

I request also that at my funeral the free list be suspended and that those only who have a personal interest in the proceedings be permitted to take part. Persons who make e funeral industry a business or rely upon it as means of relaxation are requested to ab-stain from my funeral as a personal favor to

I give and bequeath, make over and present to my beloved wife Henriette, all and singular, my real and personal property aside from said horse Napoleon, heretofore enumer ated and set aside for funeral purposes to have and to hold all said property during her lifetime, and after that the said real and personal property to pass to my beloved son, Henry, who is engaged in publishing a paper at \$2 a year. To said beloved son, Henry, I also bequeath all my wardrobe. I have worn out his old fawn tennis and polo clothes while he was attending college, using his boating and baseball suits for underclothing during the winter, and now that I am about to pass on I leave my own clothing to him as a slight testimonial of my appreciation for his kindness to me when I had no polo suit of my own. I also direct tint an obituary, consisting of forty lines, relative to me be printed in my son's paper, excist, at 10 cents per line, to follow pure reading matter, for which the sum of \$24 will be found in an old sock in my escritoire in the barn. I do not care for the obitnary, but desire to aid a panting, struggling enterprise. It is also my desire that all my debts con tracted during life be paid up after my death.

My object in dying is not in any way to evade the payment of my debts. I may add to this will, from time to time. mything good suggests itself. mean time, let me hear from you ever and new paper, and whether you have contributed any more of your thumbs to your new job or not. Respectfully, your father, Bill

Nye.-New York World.

"Can you send the patrol wagon up to No. 504 Black street "inquired a voice through the police telephone the other day. What's the matter?

Some one tapped the till of my grocery of thirty cents."

'Are you holding him?" "No: he has been gone haif an hour. "Then what good will the wagon do?"

Weil, it will get out a crowd and look like business, won't it! I sell for each and my business, won't it? I see for cash and my prices are lower than ever before."—Detroit under the eaves of a building insured for its full value, though it sometimes

"Young society Darwins" is the new name

THE COUNTERSIGN.

Bis Honor Recognized the Sign of a Brother in Distress and Made Another. He was a bearded man and his breath was redolent with cieves and gin. Once upon a time he had endeavored to train his hair into a pompadour and partially succeeded. But only partially, for one half stood up like andying Truth, while the rest pointed to all directions of the marine compass. He wore a winning sudie and evidently intended to gramme.—Detroit Free Press. cartivate his honor with a glance. But his mor wasn't to be capticated and the pris oner soon found it out. Then he started off on a new tack. Laying down his hat softly, be slowly elevated his right hand to his ear and bowed three times solemnly. Then he laid his left band on his stomach and his right hand on his head and began working them Old Year. circularly. His honor put on his glasses and looked down solemnly at the prisoner. That individual stepped backward three paces, scribing a triangle. In a low voice he whis-

"Brother, do you recognize the hailing His honor nodded and turned over a leaf on his forehead three times, and elevated his arms over his head, saying: "The signal of his forchend three had, saying: "The signal or distress, brother." The court merely bowed first verse runs as follows: first verse runs as follows: In de good ole long ago, way down in Tennessee, prisoner. "I suppose I can go. And say, prisoner. "I suppose I can go. And say, I had a levtle cabin by de hill; An' when de day was done, an' my chill en came to me.



THE HAILING STOR

cents to relieve his immediate necessities? His honor took off his glasses and asked: "Mr. Bels e, I recognize your signals, etceters, but I cannot for the life of me recollect the order; so many, you know.

"I am surprised, brother, greatly sur-prised," remarked the prisoner. "I never knew a candidate who ever forgot his initia-tion into the United Order of Benevolent Sons of Good Fellowship of the Temple of Solom.m.," and he gave the bailing sign with embellishments.

"Ah, yes; I had it mixed up with the An-cient Order of Old Billygoats," exclaimed his honor. "Do you recognize this sign, brother?" and he dipped his pen in the red ink and held

"It isn't in the ritual, is it?" asked the prisoner, as he rubbed his head. "It means, Mr. Bebee, that the court has dropped onto your little racket," sternly replied his honor. Then picking up a blotter, he waved it in a circle and said: "Does this sign seem familiar to you!"

"Don't recollect it," meekly responded the

"Well, as I interpret it, it means that you get three months. Now give the parting sign to the Most Worthy Tiler and Mas ter of the Guard at the door and pass down.



THE COUNTERSIGN. waved his pen and blotter together and John Agamemnon Bebee was seized by Deputy Five and hustled down stairs. There he told the old soldier that the villain up stairs would be assassinated by the avenging angels of the U. O. of B. S. of G. F. of the T. of S., Chapter Nine, Encampment of the Ohio Valley.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Lord O-, an Englishman, was a very rough and imperious man, also quite deaf. He was riding along one day in a post chaise, asleep, when he was stopped by a robber on horseback, who awoke him. "What do you want? said Lord O-, angrily. "Money, my lord." "What money? Are you a robber! Are you the rascal who has just awoke me so suddenly!" "Come, be quick!" said the highwayman; "I have no time to lose; I must have your purse." "My purse!" ex-claimed Lord O-; "indeed, you shall not have it. Really, you carry on a fine trade!" He pulled out his purse, which was full, and with his finger and thumb deliberately took out two guineas, which be gave to the rolber. "There, that's enough for a scoundrel like you; I hope to see you hanged some of these days:" Lord O — coolly put up his purse, still calling him a rascal and a sec drel, and repeating that we hoped to see him hanged soon. The robber was so much awed by the other's manner that be did not venture to insist on his demand for the purse, though he had a pistol in his hand to enforce it, and Lord O- drove on - New York Star.

All There is About Cows.

Here is Laura's composition on the cow: 'A den years ago, and he vent pack on her." cow is an animal with four legs on the under side. The tail is longer than the legs, but it's not used to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. A cow has big ears that wriggle on dat \$50,000 on in den years at shay only 6 per hinges; so does the tail. A cow is bigger than cent."-Texas Siftings. a calf, but not as big as an elephant. made small so she can go in the barn door when nobody is looking. Some cows are black and some book. A dog was booked once. She tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat. Black cows give white milk; so does other cows. Milkmen cell milk to buy their little girls' dresses, which they put water in and chalk. Cows chew cuds and each cow finds its own chew. This is all there is about cows.-Wide Awake

Why the Chickens Came Out.

An anecdote is told of a little fellow who, on turning over the leaves of a scrap book, ss the well known picture of some chickens just out of their shell. "My companion examined the picture carefully and then, with a grave, segucious look at me, slowly remarked. They came out 'cos they was afraid of being boiled.".-Wide Awake.

The Wasp. The wasp is found in most all countries, but seems to have more business on his mind in North America than anywhere else. He



is generally located hangs from the limb of a tree or He spends the time from May to October in sloshing around, attending

matches, and having more or less to do in the harvest field and around order nulls. It is a disputed point whether the wasp can bite harder than the bulldeg, but the weight of opinion is in favor of the wasp. He seems ! be mad about something all the time, and it doesn't make any difference whether his vic-tim is the babe in the cradle or the father in the harnyard. Five months is the average life of the wasp, and he is heard from about die

Waydown Bebee submitted his report on prize poetry. The club has received 330

poems, all composed by colored people. The subjects were classified as follows: Winter Fall. New Year, Last Year, Thunder, Women.

Upon critical examination the poetic committee came to the coachision that 315 of the poems were stolen more or less bodily from "If I tell you will you go on away?" Longfellow, Saxe, Moore, etc. These were at once sold by the pound for the benefit of the relief fund of the club. Of the remaining five this mornin' I come inter town an' met a fel-posens three were rejected for faulty rhythm, and another was found to have been subthe docket. The man at the bar then tapped in mitted last year. The one taking the prize was composed by Col. Snowball Johnson, of arms over his head, saying: "The signal of Alabama: "My Heart is Ever Sad." The

Dar' was joy an' happiness 'muff to kill. сповия.

But de chill'en all am gone, an' de cabin's toru away.

An' my dear ole wife am sleepih' 'neath de sod;
An' I'ze trabblin' all alone on de weary path of

An' my limbs am growin' weaker as I plod. The prize is a \$5 gold piece, and for fear that the winner might be tempted to spend it, couple of holes were punched in the coin.-Detroit Free Press.

No Time to Enjoy the Race. "Billy" Emerson, the minstrel, tells with excruciating mimicry the story of how he took Ben Cotton to see a quarter of a mile The race was against time, and was set for 10 o'clock in the morning. Ben demurred strongly, because they had to be called at 7 in order to catch the train to reach there in time. The weather was very warm, and the two minstrels reached the track a few minutes before the race began, Billy all enthusiasm over the horse and Ben ruffing and blowing between each expostulaory word. They talked for a little together, when suddenly Billy threw up his hat and cheered with several hundred others.
"What do you think of that?" he asked Ben,

triumphantly "What do I think of what?" said Ben, who was pulling at a cigar. "The race," answered Billy. "Didn't you

"I didn't see anything," replied Cotton "That's a — of a race. A man turns his head to spit and it's all over."—Chicago News.

The Way of the World. Anxious Daughter-Mother, did papa have

his salary increased when he was married? Omaha Matrou—No, my child." "I don't suppose he had any money saved "Not a penny; he spent all he earned." "Did you get along comfortably!"
"We were very happy."

"Well, you know, George hasn't been able to saye a cent, but"-"See here, if that poverty stricken fellow dares to show his face here again I'll get your father to kick him out."-Omaha World

"So you've been out west?" he queried of a itizen who returned the other day. "Yes." "Lots of snow out there!"

"Millions of acres. I was snow bound on a train fifteen bours. There were twenty-two ballet girls in my car. "And your wife was with you?"

"Great Scots! but how you must have suffered:"-Detroit Free Press.

On to Canada.

There's no such word as fail.

He best shall serve his country
Who twists the lion's tail."

New York Morning Journal.

Vain Regrets.

Up rose the bold McGinnis "Ho, comrades!" thus he cried,
"Let's strike while hot's the iron

A blow at British pride.

I go to sack Toronto, To scuttle Montreal,

To kidnap in his castle, The governor general. Ho fill your flasks with lightning; they do enjoy that healthful exercise!

- 400 Old Gent (with equal warmth)-'Od rot

Parson Johnson-Ef any ob de brevren of

my congregation suspicious me ob triffing wid de affections ob dere wives I hope dey

will make an investigation ob de affair at

once, so that I may clair myself ob de accu-

The Doctor's Fee.

Not far from Bradford, England, an old

ourle lived on their farm. The good man

had been ill for some time, when the practi-

tioner who attended him advised that a phy-

sician should be summoned from Bradford for

a consulation. The doctor came, looked into the case, gave his opinion, and descending

from the sick room to the kitchen, was there

what's your charge?" "My fee is a guinea.

accested by the woman with: "Well, doctor,

"A guinea-doctor! A guinea! And if ye

come again will be another guinea?" "Yes."
"A guinea, doctor! Heck!" The old woman

rose, went up stairs to her husband's bedroom,

and the doctor, who waited below, heard her

again, it'll be mother guinea. Man he comes again, it'll be mother guinea. Now what do you say? The feeble voice of the sick man was lest on the doctor, but there was no mis-taking the energetic tones of his wife as she answered: "If I were ye I'd say no, like a Britoner, and I'd die first,"—Boston Pilot.

His Heroism Gauged by Circumstances.

It was a thrifty urchin, albeit of tender

years, who fell down on the icy sidewalk and

cut a slight gash in his tough little palm the

other day. Some kindly passers by stopped to bind up his land and offer the little fellow

consolation. A gentleman gave him a dime, and when the lady who wound her handker-

chief around the injured hand asked him if

he did not feel pretty comfortable, he replied

with astounding candor: "Yes'm, as comfort-

able as a feller can fur ten cents." That boy had a sense of values —Boston Post.

"He charges a guinea. And if he comes



sation.-Judge.

"How is your son Jacob coming on?" as Washington Jones of an Austin Israelite. "Only so so, Mishter Jones." 'Ain't be married yet?" "No, not yet. My son Shacob was very

"Can't be find a girl to suit him!" "Vell I delis you. He could have married dot Repecca Blumenthal mit \$50,000 more den "That was unfortunate.

"I should schmile. Choost calculate how much interest alone hash gone dot spout up At the Play.

> Such a hat of sizet It obscureth all our eyes (At the play). II. And we frown and look severs When this but it doth appear

(At the play i.

But its owner sits serene Mid the gay and festive scene (At the play).

All unconscious of the wrath That is falling on her path From those behind her '* the play.

COST NOTHING.

Story of a Man Who Ate Himself Sick Because Another Paid for It. A curious looking old fellow, dressed in gray "homespun," was found lying in an

When questioned by some turned over with a grean and said: "Go on away from here, now, and let me

"Why do you want to die?" "Because I am a blamed fool." "Come, get up; that's no excuse." "Yes, it is. Go on away, I tell you, and let

"Haven't you been drinking?" "No, I hain't teched a drap. Go on away and let me die, I tell you. A man that ain't got no more sense than I have ain't litten to live. It's dangerous for him to walk about. "Come, tell me what you did."

With an effort and another groan he raised "If I tell you will you go on away f" "Wall, I'll go vo whather or no. Early

an' take breakfast with him. I had dun eat breakfast, but as it wasn't no expense to me I concluded that it wouldn't do to let the vidults go to waste, so I went with him. I eat a long handled shovel full uv butter cakes and drunk four cups uv coffee, argyin' all the time that it wa'n't costin' me n thin'. Airter I got through I went knockin' 'round, an' putty soon met a feller that eat dinner with me while he was a candidate last sum mer. He said that it was gettin' putty well along in the day, but that if I'd go 'round home with him he'd skeer up some breakfast. I started to say no, but ricollectin' how he ato at my table. I went with him. On the way he got a lot uv these here great long sausages Wall, I stored away about two pounds us them sausages, cat about my hatful of bis-cuits an' drunk three cups of coffee. By this time I was putty well filled up, but shortly afterwards one uv the boys that lives out my way told me that he had found a saloon whar they put out a whole lot uv vid-ults an' let people eat all they wanted to, so, as it didn't cost nothin', I went 'round, I let in on a big dish uv sour potatoes an' raw race in Sacramento. The horse was one of cabbage, an made myself at home. After I those big animals that can go like the wind for a quarter of a mile, but are no good for a feller because it didn't cot meanything. got through with that I went to dinner with in her mauve eyes. an'eat putty bearty. Then I struck out an'eat a few apples that I slipped out uv a wagon, an then I eat a piece uv these that I recesses of his postic brain for the last line, found in a saloon, just because it didn't cost which he has concocted, but lost in the veranything. About this time the Old Boy com-menced to overtake me, an' I dodged in here. "It was s an' drapped down, an' I hope l'il die before I let's see—ears, succrs, spears, tears, fears, git outen here, fur, as I said jist now, a man leers, beers—oh, pshaw, I can't get it!" that ain't got no more sense than I have ain't fitten to live. When I think that I have eat myself to death jest because it didn't cost fit. What's the matter, hubby dearf" myself to death jest because it didn't cost fit. anything it makes me so mad I don't know what to do. Oh, how I do suffer all over!"-Arkansaw Traveler.

Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel.



sport)-Now, boys, plug up his eye and knock



Whistling Prohibited.

A little darky's mother had given strict injunctions against his whistling in the house, and any infraction of law was followed by condign punishment. One day he cam in with his mouth frightfully on the pucker from eating his first green persimmons, and his mother saw him,
"Min' what I'se been a tellin' you, chile. Doan you dah fo' to whistle 'roun' heah.'

she screamed. spec I'se piger od."-Washington Critic. His First Patient.

A physician who now stands very high in his profession tells with great enjoyment of his first visit so a patient, and its amusing result: "My diploma and a well filled medicine case and \$5 in cash comprised my earthly possessions when I landed in B-, then a small, new town in a western state. "Renting a small, furnished room, I printed

pasteloard, and put it in one of the windows that opened upon the main street of the town. Then I was reasily for patients. But the people seemed discouragingly healthy, and the outlook was not promising. "It was three weeks before I had a call. Then there came to the door an elderly, angular woman, who asked: "Be you the dock?

"I am,' I replied, looking as wise and dignified as a man could who had been called

'ailin' somewheres,' and asked me to go and discover if I could what was 'the matter of "No young recruit ever went forth to bat tle with greater muxicity than I went forth to meet my first patient. I cannot to this day

hard to affect the manner of an experienced physician, I said: " 'Put out your pulse." "Realizing the mistake I had made, and

magnifying it into a most borrible one, I made matters worse by saving "No, I meant let me feel of your tongue."
"The sick man, puzzled, and probably doubtful of my sauity, added to my confusion by asking:

" What for? "'Oh, it was only a little slip of the

gaining a little in self-confidence, but was not greatly elated as you may judge, when the man, eying me keenly, said on my departure:
"Green hand at the bizness, ain't you? I
guess you don't know as much as you think

BLENDER'S HAPPY HOME.

He Writes in the Widow Splice's Auto-

graph Album. A species of friendship has grown up between Mrs. Splice and our friend Blender, a friendship cobwebby in its structure, and probably destined to be ephemeral in dura tion. A mere word from the ruling goldess, Mrs. Bleuder, will be enough to cause her husband's end of it to collapse instanter. Mrs. Splice has asked Mr. Blender to inscribe his name in her autograph album, a gorgeous affair with chromos scattered at intervals throughout its multi-colored leaves. Mr. Blender, with the pleased air of a connoissenr who has found something worthy of his admiration, glances at the autographic atrocities, praises the handwriting and applands the sentiments of their originators; then he grapples with a blank page on his own account. Blender's honest nature is above stealing the productions of other brains. He determines to compose something of his very own. He dips his pen in the mik, smiles confidently at the blushing widow and proceeds to write a verse in chyme with a literary abandon that would shame the poet laureate of a St. Louis society journal. He wrote



ome, in future Let no thought your dear beart rend,

"Why, isn't that the sweetest poetry!

"My good wom-I mean my dear lady, you are very kind to say so, but you've made me forget how I intended to finish the last line." The plump and widowed mass of femininity looks at him with an aggrieved expression

"I should think if it was something nice about me you wouldn't forget it so easily. But poor Blender is rummaging among the recesses of his poetic brain for the last line,

"It was something that rhymed with years; "What's the matter with that husband of

It is Mrs. Blensler. No one else, the render has doubtless observed, would have used such endearing language.

"There's nothing the matter with him; he is only composing a poetic sediment—senti-ment, I meant—he meant—oh, you know what I mean." Whereupon Mrs. Splice reads the three

quarters of a verse that has been dedicated "Can't remember what the last line is, ch?" remarked Mrs. Blender, solemnly. "The mission is the one redeeming point about that production. Seventy-five per cent. of that sort of stuff is about as much as any or dinary mortal can stand in one day. Jus sign your name to that and then go into the kitchen and grind the coffee."-Chicago Her-

Before this country rusices madly into war it should count the cost and remember that a war with Canada would be not only ex-pensive but would of necessity be conducted on a spot cash basis. It would be a C. O. D Chicago Tribune



Duffy-Fer gracious sakes, Murphy, what's Murchy-Well to tell the truth Duffy I don't think them banana skins I ate this morning, has agreed wid me. - Texas Siftings.

"Whistle ruffle," he piped in reply. "I

my name in bold black letters on a piece of

"She then said that her 'old man' was

account for the nervousness that possessed me. My knees literally shook as I entered the room in which my patient lay. "Making an effort to look wise, and trying

tongue? I said, with what must have been a ghastly smile. 'Are you very sick?' ghastly smile. 'Are you very sick?'
"That's what I want you to find out!' said the patient. "Oh, yes; to be sure!" I managed to say. Then I went through the usual formula,

you do."
"I did not seem to myself to know as much
as I the "ght I did"—Youth's Companion.

Society is aptly described in New York as "a vast aggregation of newcomers, some of whom will never have their names in the di÷

WRITTEN BY HIS WIDOW.

And (though I say It, who was his wife)

He never jawed in all his life,

Such men are hard to find.

I never changed my single lot.

I thought 'twould be a sin :

I never got married again.

If ever he spoke a word in heat

A wonderful tender heart he had That feit for all mankind :

He told his friends that honest

Whisky and rum he tasted not;

And, being saving, Deacon Bedott

But, poor man, he died all the same.

He left good clothes and an honest nam

The finest, most complete and cheapest

Line of overcoats, gloves and underwear

Globe Clothing House, 13 east Main st.

In Springfield is at J. M. Knote's

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Went to J. M. Knote's for his clother

'Twas sinful, I suppose:

My grief I can't control :

His widow to console.

His anger soon was o'er : He always dressed in garments neat

I thought so much of Deacon Bedott

That came from J. M. Knote's store.

At J. M. Knote's store they'd find.

He never was unkind,

S MAIN ㅂ 13 S HOD HING 5 S OBE

non. Before I had used the second buttle the neighbors could notice that my cancer was healingup. My general health had been bad for two or three years-I had a backing cough and spit blood continually. I had a severe cale in my breast. After taking six bottles of S. S. S. my cough left me and I grew stouter than I had been for several years. My cancer has bealed over all but a little spot about the ire of a half dime, and it is rapidly disappearng. I would advise every one with cancer to give S. S. S. a fair trial. Mas. NANCY J. MCCONAUGHEY,

Ashe Green, Tippecause Co., Ind.

TRIED

CRUCIBLE

About twenty years ago I discovered a ner

it cancer. I have tried a number of physicians

but without receiving any permanent benefit

Among the number were one or two specialists.

The medicine they applied was like fire to the

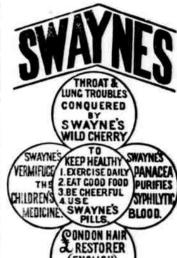
sore, causing intense pain. I saw a statemen

in the maters telling what K. S. S. and done for

there similarly afflicted. I procured some at

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable, and eems to cure cancers by foreing out the impa rities from the blend. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., DRAWER 3, ATLANTA, GA.



(ENGLISH) DESWAYNER SON SWAYNE'S CINTMENT



W. L. DOUGLAS \$2.50 SHOE.



For a check for \$20 we will print a ten-line advertisement in One Million issues of leading Americ a Newspapers. This is at the rate of only one-ditth of a cent a line for L000 Circulation; The above the will be placed before one Million different newspaper purchasers:-or Five Million Readers. Ten lines will accommodate about 75 words. Address with copy of Adv. and check, or send 30 cents for Book of Irapages. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Seruce St. New York.

MANTED General agents, to wholesale my new motor. Hare chance, good sal-ary or Se on the dollar. Address, with stamp. F. M. Weaver, Indianapolis, Ind. Name this

Intending Advertisers should address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,

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